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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To Annette.

"Jewel Meditation."
Œmbos Lines.

It was at wedding time, Annette,
Long, long ago!
That you and I as strangers met,
At first, you know—
You were a bridesmaid, what was I?
Can you forget?
Ah! how at times you used to sigh,
Annette, Annette!

I loved to let, amid thy hair,
My fingers stray,—
Its golden tresses seemed more fair
Than sunlit day—
In vain you'd chide, and chide again;
At every threat
I'd kiss your cheek, and then—what then?
Annette, Annette!

And oft' when I would sport and dance
With others there,
That soft, entreating, mournful glance,
I could not bear.
But if I teased thee 'till thine eye
With tears grew wet,
Would I not kiss them off and sigh?
Annette, Annette!

You had an eye so softly blue,
So dewy bright,
Its very look would thrill me through
Like starry night,—
But when, your head upon my breast,
Our hushed lips met,—
Oh! can that deep glance be exprest?
Annette! Annette!

And feel your heart would flutter, love,
A frightened bird;
And long we'd sit, nor think, nor move,
Nor breathe a word.
The rapture of those wild'ring hours
Can we forget?
Ah! was there ever love like ours?
Annette! Annette!
C.

Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Niagara.

A Story of Fashionable Life.

BY V. HAMILTON.

Sly. "When will the fool come again?"
Sim. Anon, my lord?"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Well, I do say," said a pursy elderly gentleman, puffing and blowing as he mounted the steps at Niagara, "if this is what they call travelling, then I'd sooner stay at home. Here's my wife and three daughters, have been plaguing the life out of me these two years to come to Niagara, and now when we're here, they can't stay quietly at the hotel, but must be dragging me about, to see this, and to see that, 'till I'm almost worked to death," and pausing upon the landing, he wiped his heated face with his handkerchief, looking down the hill at his spouse and her three daughters, toiling unaided up from below.

"Oh! pa," said his youngest child, as she reached the landing, "why did you leave us to climb up that long flight of steps alone. I'm almost tired out, and I'm sure ma looks quite faint."

"Can't help it—people that will go travelling must expect to get tired," said Mr. Bowen snappishly, wiping his face as assiduously as ever.

"Oh I—my—dear—John," gasped his partner, as she in turn arrived at the landing, "lend me your arm, or—I—shall die."

"Die at this place ma'am! Die at Niagara! Die after spending five hundred dollars!"

"Pray, Miss Ellen," said a young man, who met the group on his descent at this moment, "let me assist you up—recollect how often I have been down—will you accept my arm?"

The beautiful girl blushed—for Ellen Bowen was really beautiful—and perceiving that her father had at length undertaken to assist her mother, she took the proffered aid of Edward Seymour, her elder sisters meanwhile finding beaux, in the two companions of the young lawyer.

"It is a trite question, Miss Bowen," said Seymour, "but I cannot resist asking you how you like the falls—do they equal your expectations?"

The young barrister would scarcely have put such a question to Ellen's parents, or to either of her sisters, but, in the little conversation he had enjoyed with her, since the arrival of the Bowens at the falls, he had perceived in her remarks the evidence of a refined, and highly imaginative mind.

"Oh! yes! they far surpass my expectations," said Ellen, coloring the next breath, at her own enthusiasm. "There is a sublimity about them I cannot describe: they create an awe which deprives one of words. I could *feel* their grandeur and their majesty forever, but I could never give expression to the sentiments they create in one's bosom."

"You are right. They fill one, like eternity, with unutterable awe. They kindle up all the poetry of one's heart, but they overpower one at the same time. For my part, were I a poet, I could look at Niagara forever, but yet would always find it impossible to write upon it."

"And why?"

"Because I could never satisfy myself with what I had written. Nothing but inspiration," said Seymour, enthusiastically, "could do justice to so sublime a wonder."

"That agrees with what I have been thinking the whole morning. I used to admire one or two pieces written on Niagara, but since I have seen the falls, they all appear tame."

"And well may they; for next to the presence of the great I AM himself, what is so awful as this eternal cataract? Think only for what countless ages it has thundered its hallelujah! How many races have gazed and died beside it since it first hurled its ocean of waters into the abyss below, shaking the earth, and filling Heaven with its might; and yet it still pours forth its eternal incense, fit companion for the cherubims who continually shout beside the throne of God!"

There was something in such rapt expressions which found an echo in Ellen's bosom; and as she looked into the kindling eye of the speaker, she experienced an emotion as yet unknown to her heart.

Their conversation, however, was brought to an end by the arrival of the party at the hotel, where the gentlemen and ladies separated to dress for dinner.

There was to be a ball that evening, and consequently the ladies generally retired to their rooms immediately after the meal. Ellen saw nothing therefore of Seymour, though she longed to renew the conversation of the morning.

The ball-room was crowded to excess,—for besides the regular boarders at the hotels, there were numerous guests from the families of the vicinity, as well as several British officers from the neighboring Canadian shore. Ellen's beauty attracted general admiration. Among those who paid her the most marked attention, were Edward Seymour, and Sir Theodore Phipps. The former had nothing to recommend him, but his talent and appearance; the latter had a train of servants, and drove splendid bays. Yet though envied the attentions of her titled admirer by all, Ellen would willingly have turned from his flattery to listen to the deep voice of Seymour, breathing the lofty aspirations, beneath which every chord of her heart trembled in sympathy. The baronet, however, was assiduous; he even forced himself upon Ellen despite her manifest repugnance to him; her mother, moreover, insisted again and again that she should dance another set with Sir Theodore; until at length Seymour, either blinded to the truth, or indignant at Mrs. Bowen's conduct, withdrew from Ellen's side, nor did he rejoin it during the rest of the evening.

The congratulations which were showered upon Ellen, by her mother and eldest sister, when they had all retired to their parlor after the ball, were nearly endless. Her second sister, Julia, however, having not yet lost all hope of an eligible match, was silent and sullen. At length she gave vent to her spleen.

"Really there is nothing to admire so much in Sir Theodore," said she, with a toss of the head, "to be sure he calls himself an English nobleman, but who knows that he is not an impostor?"

"An imposture," said Mrs. Bowen, "why Julia, how can you go on in such a way? You're envious, child, or you wouldn't talk so. No, Sir Theodore, is a real nobleman, and has his seat, I'll venture to say, in the House of Lords with the best of them. An imposture! fy—fy on you Julia."

The haughty daughter, however, only answered by a curl of her lip, as if in scorn of her mother's ignorance; but the eldest sister now took up the conversation.

"For my part," she said, "its clear Sir Theodore is serious; and I'm glad Ellen will form such an alliance. How it will pique the Misses de Sibra!"

"But, sister," said Ellen, for the first time uttering a word, "I am not yet married to this proud foolish Englishman. Nor do you," she added, fondly putting her arm round the neck of her mother, for with all her petty vanity, her parent had generally a kind heart, and Ellen loved her devotedly, "dear mamma wish me, I am sure, to marry him," and she kissed her mother's cheek.

Now, if Mrs. Bowen disliked anything, it was to be thwarted in her darling wish of elevating her daughters by marriage. How completely she was interested in the Baronet's success, the reader has seen from her conduct at the ball.—She replied, therefore, with unusual harshness.

"You astonish me, child—you do. What! not marry a nobleman! There now, you needn't fondle on me, for I saw who *you* was making love to to-night—"

"Mamma, dear mamma!" said Ellen imploringly, and then burst into tears.

"Well, I do say!" ejaculated the eldest sister.

"Who ever saw the like!" responded the second one, forgetting her pique in the revenge she was thus enabled to take on Ellen.

"Oh! it won't do for you to cry," said her mother, thus countenanced by the elder sisters, and steeled on this occasion to her daughter's feelings, "for I've seen it all, and know best what's good for you. Yes!" she added, warming into a passion as she proceeded, "marry Sir Theodore you shall, and that too instantly—"

"But Sir Theodore has not yet even proposed," said Mr. Bowen, appearing suddenly to awake from the doze in which he had been seemingly indulging himself, as he lay extended upon the sofa, "and I don't see the use of worrying Elly until he does so. Mind daughter," said he, shaking his head reprovingly at the imploring, yet thankful look of the poor girl, "I don't mean to say your mother won't be right if Sir Theodore should propose, for though I don't, like a true American, care a sumarchee for a Baronet, as a son-in-law, and though I know every Englishman to be a haughty fool, ahem! yet money isn't to be laughed at when it comes in heaps, and a guinea is at any time better to live upon than love. But we've talked the matter over enough to-night, and you've almost worried me into a fit of the gout. If I'd staid at home now, like a sensible man, we'd none of us have had any of this fuss. But people that will travel must expect to get into trouble."

This decided expression of opinion silenced the group. Ellen was grateful; the sisters were sullen; and Mrs. Bowen flung herself out of the room. But the pillow of our heroine, was, that night, wet with some of the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

The next day, on descending to the breakfast room, the first person that met the eye of Ellen, was Seymour, conversing gaily with one of the prettiest girls of the company, who had been his partner during the latter part of the preceding evening. He bowed with some haughtiness to Ellen, and continued his conversation without interruption. Poor Ellen felt a strange pang shoot through her heart, at the coldness of the only one of the company for whose esteem she had cared. But, returning the salutation with equal pride, she moved to a neighboring seat, and was soon, to all appearance, deeply engaged in conversation with several gentlemen, who, the instant she made her appearance, crowded around her.

An excursion had been planned that day, for the purpose of visiting a point some miles below the falls, from which they might be seen to peculiar advantage, and both Seymour, and Sir Theodore, signified their intention of joining the party.

It was a beautiful day, and the whole landscape was smiling beneath an unclouded sun, as the party pursued its way to the point of destination. Mounted on horseback Sir Theodore constantly maintained his place by the side of Ellen, attempting to amuse her by his conversation, made up of pretended descriptions of noble life, and stale anecdotes without point. Hurt as she felt at Seymour, she could not avoid contrasting him favorably with her assiduous suitor, nor prevent herself from glancing involuntarily, now and then, in the direction of the young lawyer, who was riding, in the midst of a gay party, of which he appeared to be the life. Perhaps the pang that shot through her bosom at his avoidance of her society, did more towards acquainting her with her own feelings, than a month of the usual intercourse of visitors at the Falls would have done.

At length the party arrived at the end of their journey, and after viewing the Falls, dispersed themselves [illegible] some on the preceding evening, and who was evidently flattered—as who would not be?—at his attentions. Ellen felt again that pang at her bosom, but suppressing her emotion by such an effort as woman only can command, she launched out into the gayest conversation, nor was it long before she had enchained those suitors by her wit, whom, at first, she had attracted by her beauty. Yet even then she could not regard her titled admirer with any sentiment except disgust. She knew that, but for him, Seymour would now be at her side. But she could not avoid reproaching him for deserting her, when neither by word nor action had she herself slighted him, whatever others might have done.

What a strange thing is the heart! It suffers itself often to become inextricably involved in the meshes of that master passion, LOVE, long before it discovers to its owner how utterly its liberty is gone. And then, when the victim would endeavor to regain its freedom, how subtilly, and slowly, and surely it resists every attempt, and perhaps ultimately triumphs. Nothing can be more profound than the deception it often practices upon its victims. It suffers them to love, yet persuades them they are still free. A word, a look, a gesture will be treasured up in the memory, and this too will continue, day by day, and week by week, and yet the victim is made to believe that there is nothing in it but friendship, until some sudden remark, some unexpected train of events, brings on the denouement, and the victim discovers at once its deception, and its love.

Meantime, the party had set forth in its return, and Ellen was again surrounded by a troop of admirers on horseback. Seymour still, however, kept aloof, until an incident occurred, which, in a few rapid moments, altered the whole face of events.

The party had not proceeded far, when they passed near some workmen engaged in quarrying stone, and just as Ellen and her group approached, an explosion took place in a dangerous proximity to the riders. The consequence was, for the moment, a general consternation. Several of the horses began to rear frightfully, and the one on which Ellen sat, after plunging for a few seconds, took the bit in his mouth, and darted furiously ahead.

The alarm now became universal, and the screams of the ladies, and the shouts of the male portion of the company only served to increase the speed of the frightened steed. Meantime none knew what to do. The terrified animal was careering toward the river's side, at that point terminating in an abrupt precipice, and though every one cried out to save her, none made the attempt. Ellen, however, still kept her seat firmly, though the imploring look that she cast backward upon the company betrayed her consciousness of her peril. But at this instant Seymour, who had been some distance behind, perceiving her danger, instead of calling to others as the rest were doing, gave spurs to his horse, and dashed in pursuit of Ellen.

For a few minutes the pace at which they went was tremendous. Nothing stayed their progress. Now crashing among the forest trees, and now leaping over seemingly impassable barriers they soon gained the precipitous banks of the river. They were yet within a few paces of it when Seymour, perceiving the imminency of Ellen's danger, shouted,

"To the right!—to the right!"

Almost mechanically the fair girl made a sudden jerk at the reins, and succeeded in partially altering the course of the affrighted animal, so that instead of plunging over the precipice, he ran for a few paces almost parallel with, but in fearful proximity to it. The momentary delay of the crisis saved Ellen's life. A few feet further on the precipice took a turn, and the maddened animal was now galloping right on to the abyss; but before it could reach the edge, Seymour overtook Ellen, and with consummate dexterity, catching the rein of her steed, threw it, at a powerful effort, back on its haunches. The second of relief was enough for Ellen, with admirable presence of mind to spring from her seat. For an instant longer Seymour endeavored to restrain the frightened animal, but it plunged so dangerously, that his own steed, though under the most complete training, began to grow infected, and he was forced, from regard to his own safety, to let go the rein of the snorting steed. With one plunge it sprang forward, and almost as rapidly as the eye could follow it, went crashing over the precipice, falling a mangled mass of flesh and bones, upon the jagged rocks below.

Without pausing to look after the fate of the terrified animal, Seymour hastened to the relief of Ellen, who, although maintaining her presence of mind up to the moment of her rescue, had fainted away the very instant that she touched the ground. Throwing the bridle over his panting steed, her lover—for we must now call him such—raised her in his arms, and scarcely knowing what to do, threw off her bonnet, letting those rich, luxuriant curls, on which so often he had gazed in delight, fall in massy tresses upon the breeze. As he gazed on her inanimate face, and felt her form reposing in his arms, he could no longer restrain his long concealed passion, but kissing her snowy brow, he said,

"Ellen, dear Ellen—awake."

As if aroused by his impassioned words, the maiden slowly opened her eyes, and gazed a moment enquiringly around; but when she recognised, in the one who bent over her, the person of Edward Seymour, she blushed and would have risen, if her strength had not proved too little for the endeavor.

"Ellen—Miss Bowen—forgive me," said Seymour, perceiving her design, and fancying she resented his words.

"Forgive you!—oh! how can I sufficiently thank you?" eagerly said the artless girl. The words, the tone, but more than all, the look, filled the bosom of her lover with tumultuous joy. His voice was eager and hurried as he replied,

"You have nothing for which to thank me!" and perceiving that the color mounted into Ellen's cheek, and her bosom heaved, while her eyes fell to the ground, he continued, "I—I only ought to be grateful for having saved so pure a being as you." The eyes of Ellen still sought the ground, and her form trembled, as Seymour emboldened by her emotion, poured forth, in a few burning words, the tale of his love. And when he had done, and Ellen, unable from her agitation to reply, sank unresisting upon that bosom, to which she was so gently drawn, could any, even the most selfish and calculating, blame her for thus blessing so pure a suit as that of Edward Seymour.

But the *tete a tete* of the lovers was soon interrupted, by the arrival of the remainder of the company, and after a thousand felicitations on her escape, Ellen was provided with a seat in one of the carriages, and the whole party returned to the hotel.

"God be praised, my dear girl," said Mr. Bowen, clasping Ellen to his heart, and moved for a moment out of his usual cynical mode of expression, by the knowledge of her danger and escape, "you have had a narrow escape. But then people that will travel, must expect to get into scrapes."

The joy of the mother we will not relate.—With all her faults, Mr. Bowen loved her daughter ardently, and, for once, she was led by her gratitude to believe, that Edward Seymour might be as much of a gentleman, as Sir Theodore Phipps.

The very next day two sturdy looking men alighted at the door of the hotel, and, after making sundry enquiries after the pretended baronet, proceeded to arrest Sir Theodore, on his return from a *ride*, as a notorious forger, lately escaped from a southern penitentiary. He departed that night hand-cuffed, and under the charge of the two police officers.

The career of the *parade* baronet being thus cut short, even the sisters of Ellen began to look upon Seymour with more lenity, nor was this good feeling at all lessened, when an elderly gentleman appeared on the succeeding morning, who greeted Seymour as his nephew, and whom the keeper of the hotel recognised as the rich Judge Townsend of——county. Before noon it was whispered on his authority, that the apparently penniless lawyer was not only the heir of the new comer, but the possessor of a handsome fortune already. It was confirmed before evening by the intelligence that he had proposed for and been accepted by Ellen.

"Well," said Mr. Bowen on that occasion, "you say you concealed your wealth in order to be loved for yourself alone. All very good, very good, no doubt, especially for a novel; but confoundedly like nonsense, begging your pardon, my friend, in real life. Money is money, and men without it don't cut half such a figure as men with it. But every one to his taste. I owe you a thousand thanks for saving Ellen,—take her—and God bless you both."

"Well for my part," said Mrs. Bowen, when *tete a tete* with her husband, "its a capital match. You see now what we've gained by coming to Niagara. Its all through me Ellen's got so nicely fixed."

"Pshaw! you'd have married her to that rascal of a counterfeiter if he hadn't been found out, and a pretty business you'd have made of it. But people that will travel must expect to get into scrapes."

New York, Feb. 1841.

Melodia.

I met once, in my girlish hours,
A creature soft and warm—
Her cottage bonnet filled with flowers,
Hung swinging on her arm:
Her voice was sweet as the voice of love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay like a snowy dove,
In a nest of nut-brown curls;
She was a thing unknown to fame—
Melodia was her strange sweet name

I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seemed a beauty set apart
For softness and for sighs;
But oh! Melodia's melting heart
Was softer than her eyes;
For they were only formed to spread
The softness from her spirit shed

I've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one for years
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers:
But who can paint the spell that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'Twould take an angel from above
To paint th' immortal soul—
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

Her bosom was a soft retreat,
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To love's delicious tone;
It dwelt within its circle free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossom waits the breeze,
Before it throws its leaves apart
And trembles like the love-touched heart.

She was a creature strange as fair,
First mournful and then wild,
Now laughing on the clear bright air,
As merry as a child;
Then melting down as soft as even,
Beneath some new control,
She'd throw her hazle eyes to heaven,
And sing with all her soul,
In tones as rich as some young bird's,
Warbling her own delightful words.

Melodia! oh how soft thy darts!
How gentle and how sweet!
Thy song enchained a thousand hearts
And drew them to thy feet;
And as thy bright lips rung, they caught
So beautiful a ray,
That, as I gazed, I almost thought
The spirit of the lay
Had left, while melting on the air,
Its sweet expression painted there.

Sweet vision of that starry even!
Thy virgin beauty yet,
Next to the blessed hope of heaven,
Is in my spirit set;
It is a something shrined apart—
A light from memory shed,
To live until this tender heart
On which it lives is dead,
Reminding me of brighter hours,
Of summer eves and summer flowers.

AMELIA.

From the Mirror.

St. Valentine's Day.

Of Saint Valentine, so celebrated among young persons, little is known, except that he was a priest of Rome, and martyred there about the year two hundred and seventy.

It was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honor of their goddess Februata-Juno on the fifteenth of February, in exchange for which certain Roman catholic pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given the day before, namely on the fourteenth of February.

Where can the postman be, I say?
He ought to fly—on such a day!
Of all days in the year, you know,
It's monstrous rude to be so slow;
The fellow's so exceeding stupid—
Hark!—there he is!—oh! the dear CUPID!

Two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily average annually pass through the two-penny post-office in London on St. Valentine's day.—"Two hundred thousand twopences," said an old gentleman as he read this in a March newspaper, "are four hundred thousand pence,"—and he was going to cast up the amount—"Why, papa," said his daughter, "that's just the number of young folks there must be in love with each other—[illegible] cruel dispositions, so there are some who write Valentines, and trifle with hearts for the mere pleasure of inflicting pain. I will show you what I mean," said the old gentleman, and taking a paper from a drawer, he held up the exemplification of *a dog* playing with a lady's heart, which he had torn in several places.

Just then an unmarried gentleman, "*of a certain age*," entered the room. On becoming acquainted with the topic, he drew from his pocket a *small packet*, and said, with a merry smile, "Here was my valentine." It contained a rib of some small animal completely enveloped with white satin ribbon, ornamented by a true lover's knot at each end, and another in the middle.—Father and daughter both had a laugh at the "old bachelor," and he laughing with them, put into the young lady's hand the poetical address that accompanied his *rib*:

Go contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to reason's shrine.
And listen to her voice;
No more illusive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice.

Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloom'd like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend those joys to share,
Gave the gay scene a vacant air!
She came—'twas all replete.

And could not genuine Paradise
The most extensive wish suffice
Its guiltless lord possess?
No—not without a kindred mate;
How then in this degen'rate state,
Can man alone be blest?

But now the Muse withdraws her aid
Enough, thy folly to upbraid,
Enough to make thee wise
No more of pensive hours complain,
No more, that all life's joys are vain,
If thou this hint despise.

"Well now, this is capital!" exclaimed the laughing lass. "After *such* a valentine, you *must* take the hint, my dear sir; it's really a shame that so good-natured a man should remain a bachelor. I recollect, that when I could only just run about, you used to be *so* kind to me; besides how you dandled and played with me! and since then, how you have read to me and instructed me till I grew up! Such a man is the very man to be married; you are every way domestic, and it's *settled*; you *must* get married."

"Well, then, will you have me?" he inquired, with a cheerful laugh. "*I have you?* No!—Why you are too old; but not too old to find a wife: there are many ladies whom we know, of your age, wholly disengaged; but you don't pay them any *particular* attention." Her father interposed; and the gentleman she addressed playfully said, "It is a little hard, indeed, that I should have these fine compliments and severe reproaches at the same time: however," taking her by the hand, "you will understand that it *is* possible I may have paid *particular* attention to a lady at an age when the affections are warmer; I did; and I reconciled myself to rejection by courting my books and the pleasures of solitude—

Hast thou been ever waking
From slumbers soft and light,
And heard sweet music breaking
The stillness of the night:
When all thy soul was blending
With that delightful strain,
And night her silence lending
To rivet fancy's chain

Then on a sudden pausing,
Those strains have ceas'd to play
A painful absence causing
Of bliss that died away!
So from my soul has vanish'd
The dream of youthful days;
So Hope and Love are banish'd,
And Truth her pow'r displays.

The origin of so pleasant a day, the first pleasant day in the year, whether its season be regarded, or the mode of its celebration, requires some little investigation.

Attend we upon ELIA. Hark, how triumphantly that noble herald of the college of kindness proclaims the day!

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of hymen! Immortal go-between! who, and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.—Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings;

singing cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

"In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, yclepped valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-for-spent two-penny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the be-stuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other thing. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, 'Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;' or putting a delicate question, 'Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?' But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbors wait at animal and anatomical distance.

"Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It 'gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated.' But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that 'bringeth good tidings.' It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, 'that is not the post, I am sure.' Visions of love, of cupids, of hymens, and of all those delightful eternal common-places, which 'having been, will always be;' which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having their irreversible throne in the fancy and affections; what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, burst upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehended they did, in Arcadia.

"All valentines are not foolish, and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend, (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlor window in C——e street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humor. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many of a well executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no farther; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favor which she had done him unknown; for, when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought unseen, and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need say it was not on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar.) There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed,—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice (O, ignoble trust!) of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about not with light love or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

"Good morrow to my valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans with old Bishop Valentine and his true church."

Misson, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, describes the amusing practice of his time:—"On the eve of the fourteenth of February, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentines that is fallen to him, than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, and according to the freedom or severity of Madam Valentine. There is another kind of valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day."

In some places at this time, and more particularly in London, the lad's valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning, who is not an inmate of the house; the lass' valentine is the first youth she sees. Gay mentions this usage on St. Valentine's day; he makes a rustic housewife remind her good man—

I early rose just at the brake of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine, (for so should housewives do.)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our true-love be

Shakspeare bears witness to the custom of looking for your valentine, or desiring to be one, through poor Ophelia's singing,

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine

Sylvanus Urban, in 1779, was informed by Kitty Curious, that on St. Valentine's day in that year, at a little obscure village in Kent, she found an odd kind of sport. The girls from five or six to eighteen years old were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth effigy, which they called a "holly boy," and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an "ivy girl," which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was accompanied by acclamations, huzzas, and other noise. Kitty inquired the meaning of this from the oldest people, but she could only learn that it had always been a sport at that season.

On this ancient festival, it was *formerly* the custom for men to make presents to the women. In Scotland these valentine gifts were reciprocal, as indeed they are still in some parts.

Hurdis calls this

The day Saint Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
[illegible]

St. Valentine is the lover's saint. [illegible] so it is true that love, "cruel tyrant," moves the veriest brute. Its influence renders the coarsest nature somewhat interesting. A being of this kind, so possessed, is almost as agreeable as a parish cage with an owl inside; you hear its melancholy tee-whit tee-whoo, and wonder how it got there. Its place of settlement becomes a place of sentiment; nobody can liberate the starveling, and it *will* stay there. Its moral notes seem so many calls for pity, which are much abated on the recollection that there are openings enough for its escape. The "tender passion" in the two-mile-an-hour Jehu of an eight-horse wagon puzzles him mightily. He "sighs and drives, sighs and drives, and drives and sighs again," till the approach of this festival enables him to buy "a valentine," with a "halter," and a "couple o' hearts" transfixed by an arrow in the form of a weathercock, inscribed,

"I'll be yours, if you'll be mine,
I am your pleasing Valentine."

St. Valentine, be it repeated, is the saint of all true lovers of every degree, and hence the letters missive to the fair, from wooers on this festival, bear his name. "Brand thinks "one of the most elegant *jeu-d'esprits* on this occasion," is one wherein an admirer reminds his mistress of the choice attributed by the legend to the choristers of the air on this day, and inquires of her—

Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.

But, ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain.

Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows;
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name.

A better might have been selected from the "Magazine of Magazines," the "Gentleman's," wherein Mr. Urban has sometimes introduced the admirers of ladies to the admirers of antiquities—under which class ladies never come. Thence, ever and anon, as from some high barbican or watchtower old, "songs of loves and maids forsaken" have aroused the contemplation from "facts, fancies and recollections" regarding other times, to lovers "sighing like furnace" in our own. Through Sylvanus, nearly a century ago, there was poured this

INVOCATION OF ST. VALENTINE.

Haste, friendly saint! to my relief,
My heart is stol'n, help! stop the thief!
My rifled breast I search'd with care,
And found Eliza lurking there.

Away she started from my view,
Yet may be caught, if thou pursue;
Nor need I to describe her strive—
The fairest, dearest maid alive!

Seize her—yet treat the nymph divine
With gentle usage, *Valentine*!
Then tell her, she, for what was done,
Must bring *my* heart, and give *her own*.

From Visits to Remarkable Places.

Stratford-on-Avon.

The Home of Shakspeare's First Love.

The country about Stratford is not romantic, but extremely pleasant. The town stands in a fine open valley. The Avon, a considerable stream, winds past it through pleasing meadows. The country is well cultivated, and the view of wooded uplands and more distant ranges of hills, gives spirit to the prospects. The town itself is a good, quiet, country town, of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants. In Shakspeare's time it could be nothing more than a considerable village; for by the census of 1801 the total of its inhabitants was but 2418. In that day, the houses were, no doubt, built of wood or of framework, such as the dwelling of Shakspeare's parents still remains. Fires appear, by the history of the place, to have been frequent and destructive. In the 36th and 37th of Elizabeth, two furious fires occurred, and so reduced the property of the inhabitants as to compel them to petition parliament for a remission of subsidies and taxes, and for a portion of £36,000, which had been granted for the relief of decayed cities and towns. The residence of Shakspeare himself narrowly escaped.

Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakspeare. You see the mementos of the great native poet wherever you turn. There is the Mulberry-tree Inn; the Imperial Shakspeare Hotel; the Sir John Falstaff; the Royal Shakspeare Theatre: the statue of Shakspeare meets your eye in its niche on the front of the Town-hall. Opposite to that, a large sign informs you that there is kept a collection of the relics of Shakspeare, and not far off you arrive at another sign, conspicuously projecting into the street, on which is proclaimed,—"IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL BARD WAS BORN." The people seem all alive to the honor of their town having produced Shakspeare. The tailor will descend from his shop-board, or the cobbler start up from his stall, and volunteer to guide you to the points connected with the history of the great poet. A poor shoemaker, on my asking at his door the nearest way to the church containing Shakspeare's tomb, immediately rose up and began to put on his coat. I said, "No, my friend, I do not want you to put yourself to that trouble; go on with your work—I only want you to say whether this way be the most direct." "Bless you, sir," said the man, taking up his hat, "I dont want any thing for showing a gentleman the way to Shakspeare's tomb; it is a pleasure to me. I am fond on't; and a walk, now and then, does me good." The old man bustled along, holding forth with enthusiasm in the praise of Shakspeare, and coming up to the sexton's house, and knocking,—"There," said he, "I have saved you ten minutes' walk:—don't forget to look at old Johnny Combe!" and was turning off highly pleased that he had done something to the honor of Shakspeare, and reluctant to receive even the value of a glass of ale for his services.

The Royal Shakspeare Club annually celebrate the birth of Shakspeare on the 23d of April, and even Washington Irving is held in great honor for having recorded in his Sketch-Book his visit to his tomb. At one of the inns they show you Washington Irving's room and his bed. In the Red Horse, at which I stayed, my room was adorned with his sole portrait, and all the keepers of Stratford albums take good care to point out to you the signature of Washington Irving, the American who spoke so highly of Shakspeare.

It is pleasing to find the prophet enjoying so much honor in his own country; and yet I shall have a fact or two presently to mention, which will require the serious attention of the people of Stratford, [illegible] house where he was born; tens of thousands have certainly inscribed their names on the walls of that simple chamber where he is said to have first seen the light; but not so many have visited, or known of, or inquired after the house where his modest, faithful, and affectionate wife,

Ann Hathaway, she hath a way,

was born, and lived, and became the wife of Shakspeare when he was nineteen, and she twenty-seven.

Shakspeare seems to have had no personal ambition. If he had, we should have had more account of the incidents of his existence. He seems to have thrown off his inimitable dramas, rich with passion and poetry, more from the very enjoyment of the act, than from the glory to be derived from them. So, too, in his youth, he married the first humble object of his affections; and after having seen all the fascinations of London life, after having conversed with the most celebrated beauties and wits of Elizabeth's splendid court, he retired with a competence to the quiet uneventful town of Stratford, the quiet haunts of his youth, and to domestic peace with his true Ann Hathaway.

There is nothing more wonderful in the character of Shakspeare than the perfect indifference shown to the fate of his inimitable dramas. For thirteen years after his retirement from the stage, and those years the very prime of his existence—for he died at the early age of fifty-two—he continued to live, and that in a great degree in the perfect leisure of Stratford, without apparently taking the slightest means to secure a correct edition of his works. He threw them off with the greatest imaginable ease and rapidity, the "Merry Wives of Windsor" being said only to have occupied a fortnight in the composition, and to have left them to the care of the public as stoically as the ostrich leaves its eggs to the sun. It could not be that he was insensible to their merit, for in his sonnets he gives us repeated assurances of the immortality of his muse; but it would seem as if, satisfied with the consciousness that he had done enough to secure his eternal fame, he followed his natural bent for the enjoyment of domestic life, and the entire forgetfulness of public concerns in which he was absorbed by it, testifying that there lay his entire happiness. That he spent the greater portion of the last sixteen years of his life at Stratford there is every reason to believe, having purchased for his residence one of the best houses of his native town, in 1597, which, having repaired and improved, he named New Place; nor is any other trace of him discoverable, independent of his literary exertions, from that year, except that in 1602 he was at Stratford, adding a new purchase of one hundred and seven acres of land to his former purchase of New Place. Not all the havoc committed by players and publishers on the sense and diction of his great dramas could rouse him from his domestic rest. "He made," says Johnson, "no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or to secure to the rest a better destiny by giving them to the world in their genuine state. . . . They were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were, perhaps, sometimes mutilated by actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches, and were, at best, printed without corrections of the press."

All this were enough to have roused, one would have thought, any author that had but sufficient ambition to write, but it disturbed not Shakspeare, and it must appear that the astonishing power displayed in his dramas was not the most wonderful quality of his nature. He had a mind that could not only achieve what was beyond the fame of other men, but a calm indifference even for his own fame, that more resembled the elevation of a divine nature than the nervous temperament of humanity. How different is this, even to the sensitiveness of his own youth, when the insult which he supposed himself to have received from Sir Thomas Lucy stung him to the quick, and induced him to gibbit him in ballads, and run for miles to fix them on his park-gate; an irritability so lasting that it revived and issued to the light again in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

That Shakspeare valued the enjoyments of domestic life, beyond both the brilliant life of successful literature in London and beyond the fame of his works, his long quiet retirement at Stratford sufficiently proves. There have not been wanting those who have accused him of indifference or infidelity towards his wife; but, whatever might be occasional dissipations in which he might indulge during his London sojourn, he has himself left the most triumphant testimonies of his strong and changeless affection to his Ann Hathaway,* and that it was in the depth of domestic existence that he found his real happiness. Nothing can be more beautiful than those of his sonnets which refers to these subjects.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. *Love is not love*
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star of every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,—
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

There never were fourteen lines which so deeply and eternally express the sentiment clearly springing from the bottom of the poet's soul, of the unchangeableness of true affection. That one sonnet is enough to cast to the winds every malignant slander against the true heart of Shakspeare. That he, like other men, had fallen into errors, he was the first most earnestly and eloquently to avow; but where was the man, that after having won the fame that he had, and passed through the Circean enchantments of metropolitan beauty, and splendor, and wit as he had, ever gave so marvellous a proof that his heart of hearts was not in them, but that his only hope and idea of true happiness was in his native fields, and in the home of his wedded affection? What accuser could venture to stand up against such a man, after reading the very next sonnet, the continuation, in fact, of the former?

Accuse me thus,—that I have scanted all,
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me, day by day;
[illegible]

* The author of the beautiful and able romance of "The [illegible]

That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own input, and received
That I have looked upon to all the world,
Bated check'd corruption by tardier form
Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
And every page doth tell the same still,
Even as your worth, so will my rhyme be rich
And more, much more than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.
O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth live:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That I could e'er provide receipt for sin
To place my salve in any unlearned ear.
For nothing this wide universe I call
Save thou my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

O for my sake do you wish fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means which public manners breeds,
Thence comes it that my name receive a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed;
Whilst like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisell 'gainst my strong infection,
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

In these sonnets we have not only the most touching confession of his sorrows that the poet afforded to that neglect and contempt of his dramatic works which we have already noticed. He clearly regarded his productions of an order of imperishable, as no doubt it was considered in the eyes of those times. He probably regarded his dramas as mere amusements, which, like the fashion in his fortunes, and on unwilling testimonies to that mode of life which he regarded with aversion. This, it is probable, was the reason why he so studiously neglected them, and treated, as it were, his very thoughts from them, as recording him of many things, during the period of their production, which he would fain forget for ever. The very next sonnet, and the only one which I shall here indulge myself in transcribing, most strongly expresses this feeling, and the formation of that resolution to which he so inflexibly adhered to the day of his death.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
You are all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue:
None else to me, nor I to none alive
That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic, and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark! how with my neglect I do dispense
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

I suppressed with this sonnet all the history conveyed in these sonnets, I must confess that there was no spot connected with Shakspeare at Stratford that I so strongly desired to see as Shottery, the little rustic village where Ann Hathaway was born, and where Shakspeare wooed, and wedded his maiden love. The house in which she was born is turned into a tenement, and by her birth there was a more accident, and the accidents of time have not added to the pertinence interest of this place, but the beautiful bard is so impressed for himself, and in which he spent the last years of his life, was pulled down, and disappointment met the disappointed eye of the pilgrim.—Dost thou "doomed himself to eternal fame" more thoroughly than the fool who fired the Temple of Diana? Dost thou not feel and know that the ring-chain of Ann Hathaway, is just as it was; and, excepting the tombs of Shakspeare and herself, the only material relics of the bard and his early existence here. I therefore hastened away to Shottery the very first moment that I could get out of the inn. It is but a short walk to it across some pleasant meadows, and I pleased myself with thinking as I strode along, with what delight Shakspeare in his youth trod the same path on his way to see his Ann Hathaway: and how often, in his latter years, when he had renounced public life, and she was in "ill-thriftihood," slept, half by that sweet recollection of the past, often stroll that way together, and perhaps visit some of their kindred under the same roofs.

The village is a real rustic village indeed, consisting of a few farm-houses, and of half-timbered cottages of the most picturesque appearance, standing apart, one from the other, in their old gardens and orchards. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and quiet of this rustic hamlet. It is the hero ideal of Goldsmith's Auburn. The village public-house is the "Shakspeare tavern," a mere cottage like the rest. Its modern pretensions, the improvements, seem to have come hither to disturb the image of the past times. The cottage stood apart from each other, in their gardens and orchard-crofts, and are just what the poets delight to describe. The country around is pleasant, though not very striking. Its great charm is its perfect rurality. Ann Hathaway's cottage stands at the father end of this scattered and secluded hamlet, at the foot of pleasant uplands, and from its rustic encounter you catch glimpses of the fine breezy ranges of the Henley, and Meon hills, some miles southward; and of Stratford church spire westward peeping over its trees.

The cottage is a long casement of the most primitive character; of timber framing, filled up with brick and plaster work. Its doors are gray with age, and have the old-fashioned wooden latches, with a bit of wood nailed on the outside of the door to take hold of while you pull the string; just such a latch as, we dread, was on the door of Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother, when the wolf said to the little girl, "pull the string, and you'll get in."

The antiquity of the house is testified by the heads of the wooden pins which fasten the framing, standing up some inches from the walls according to the fashion of the age, and not having been cut off. The end of the cottage comes to the village road: and the side which looks into the garden is covered with vine, and honeysuckle and rosemary. The orchard is a spot all knolls and hollows, where you might imagine the trees, when he came here a-wooing, set in the uke-days of his romance, when he came hither to see his wife's friends, and to indulge in day-dreams of the past, to be represents the King of Denmark

—Slurring voices more ordered.

My custom always of the afternoon—

lying on the mossy turf, and enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and the flickering shadows of the old apple-trees. The orchard extends up the slope a good way: then you come to the cottage garden, and then to another orchard. You walk up a little narrow path between hedges of box, and among long grass. All the homely herbs and flowers which grow about the real old-English cottage, and which Shakspeare delighted to introduce into his poetry—the rosemary, coleslaw, pansy, camomile, marigold, mint, fennel, rue, sage, etc., scenting your eye as you proceed.

The commentators on Shakspeare have puzzled themselves wonderfully about some of the allusions in the "Winter's Tale" to the "gillyvors" and "streaked gillyvors," which Perdita wishes to have in her garden. Gillyvors is the old form of the word "gillyflowers," and the epithet streaked, or striped, refers to that beautiful variegation of the petals of the flower, which is the result of cultivation. Perdita wishes for these beautiful and fragrant flowers, not only because they are sweet in themselves, but because they were sweet to the eye and to the nose, and to the associations connected with them. She wishes to have them for the same reason that she wishes to have violets, cowslips, primroses, and oxlips, because they were flowers of the season, and were sweet and welcome to the senses, and to the feelings, as the first indications of the renewal of the year. Perdita's wish for flowers is a wish for spring flowers, and for those flowers which are the most welcome, and the most abundant in spring. Now, the streaked gillyvor is not a florist's flower, but a flower of the spring, and of the cottage garden. It is a flower which is found in the cottage gardens of Shakspeare's time, and which, therefore, he would find there in his youth, and in his manhood, and which he would, therefore, remember with pleasure, and wish to see in his own garden at New Place. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Shottery, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Stratford. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Wilnecote, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Bidford, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Clopton. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Charlecote, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Fulbrook. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Snitterfield, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Shottery. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Wilnecote, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Bidford, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Clopton. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Charlecote, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Fulbrook. It is a flower which he would find in the cottage gardens of Snitterfield, and which he would, therefore, wish to see in his own garden at Shottery.

Saturday Evening Post.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1841.

THE LITERATI.—The Editor of the Saturday Evening Post has been requested to furnish a list of the Literati of Philadelphia. We shall be happy to furnish the list of the Literati of Philadelphia, as soon as we can get it. We shall be happy to furnish the list of the Literati of Philadelphia, as soon as we can get it. We shall be happy to furnish the list of the Literati of Philadelphia, as soon as we can get it.

To lend money is to lose it,
To keep it is to worry,
To ask for it is to insult,
To dun for it is to offend,
To trust for it is to lose it,
To sue for it is to lose it,
To get it is to lose it,
To have it is to lose it,
To want it is to lose it,
To be without it is to lose it,
To be with it is to lose it,
To be without it is to lose it,
To be with it is to lose it,
To be without it is to lose it,
To be with

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Financial Record.

The Connecticut.

Bank of Illinois, Shawneetown, Illinois.—10's, dated May 7, 1839, payable to J. C. Sloo. The right hand figure in the vignette is a Liberty Cap, and especially the words "Bank of Illinois" and "Shawneetown" wretchedly done, as also the signature of MATHER, Cashier.

Bank of Virginia, Branch at Norfolk, Va.—10's, letter D, payable to W. B. Lamb, dated March 1, 1830. W. Donaldson, Cash. J. Burch Cowper, Pres't. Signatures engraved.

Farmers' and Mechanics' B'k, Burlington, Vt. —5's, letter A, pay to Hezekiah Hall or bearer. Signers, Caleb Jobe, Pres't. General appearance bad, especially the vignette.

Mechanics' Bank, Concord, N. H.—No such Bank in existence. Those bills are signed G. Hommer, Cash.

Commercial Bank of New York—5's and 10's, dated Bank of Lansingburgh. Bank of Washington, M.; a broken institution; may be detected by the signatures, W. Adams, Cash. Y. W. Weed, Pres't. W. W. Redfield is Cashier.

Seventh Ward Bank, N. Y.—20's altered from 10's. The cash's are of course the altered bills, and have for a vignette a female figure leaning on a bale of goods and Mercury with horn of plenty.

Farm. and Mech. Bank, Steubenville, Ohio—5's, shared from Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, Burlington, W. T. The vignette, which is totally unlike the genuine bills, is a female figure with a bird's head a goblet to an eagle. Engraved by Burton & Gurley, N. Y.

Greenwich Bank, N. Y.—1 and 2's of the genuine plate, forged signatures. The Pres't's name is spelt Saterlee, instead of Satterlee.

10's altered from 1's, the label with the name of the Bank is pasted on the top—on the genuine through the centre.

Kingston Bank, Kingston, N. Y.—5's, letters, W. D, pay to bearer on demand. Oct. 1, 1837. J. S. South, Cash. E. Lomsby, Pres't.

Union Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.—5's purporting to be issued on Real Estate, and many of them are easily detected, the Union Bank having no such states in circulation.

Bank of Commerce county, Alleon, N. Y.—20's altered from 2's. The vignette at each end of the bill is covered over, as also the two 2's at the corners, finally detected by holding the bill up to the light.

Citizens' Bank, N. Orleans.—50's altered from 5's. The genuine 50's have for a vignette in the centre three female figures, while the 5 have for engraving of the bank.—*Buck. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 6, 1841.

	price sold for.	per.
170 shares United States Bank	112a30	100
do do 2d Call 30 days B. B.	112a30	100
15 do Exchange Bank	51	100
50 do Girard Bank	51a½	100
10 do Schuylkill Navigation Co	10	100
50 do North American Bank	111a112	100
10 do Commercial Bank	90	100
50 do Pat. & Mec. Bank	101	50
40 do Commercial Bank	90	50

THE GALLIPOLIS BANK.—The affairs of this bank are worse than they were at first suspected to be. 5's, 10's and 20's make the bulk and amount of the notes in circulation, but it is ascertained that the real amount is nearly $300,000. On an examination of the vaults, $50,000 in specie was found, and $100,000 of those filled up and signed, of the denominations of 5's, 10's and 20's. Of the $100,000 of notes not filled up and signed, it is said the President E. E. Beach's name was a forgery, as it is also on those filled up and signed. Of the notes in the vaults, more than $400,000 of notes and bills of exchange, drawn by John Murphy and signed by John O. Bailey, and by Moses Bailey, Cashier, are reported to be in the possession of the U. S Bank of Pa. and others in Banks in Cincinnati, Ohio, and in Philadelphia and Boston, and to be used for fraudulent purposes, some of which had been entered on the books as notes discounted, and others as bills of exchange. [*Cin. Gazette.*

NEW YORK BANKS.—The eighteen Banks of New York city have an aggregate circulation and deposits of fourteen millions, while their capital is reported to be four millions. The whole of the banks of the State have in circulation and on deposit upwards of $28,000,000 on a capital of about $10,000,000. [*Bost. Bull.*

TRANSFER BANK AT BALTIMORE.—The total assets of this institution are officially reported to be $777,497, and the liabilities $677,137, leaving a surplus of $100,360 to be divided among the stockholders; which will be $11 75 on each share.—par value $40.

DISSOLUTION IN WILMINGTON, N. C.—The Bank

THE OLIO.

> Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis,
> Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Old Clock on the Stairs.

Set me! like the Roman of Lorde:
Who stood from birth and home
And when 'mid the Senate's marble throng
Where memory was strong?
And when 'mid Rome's mighty dead,
And while on the benches sat
A Lord, our Saint it was, doubt their gentle,
Looking like Julius Cæsar.

Good grandsire! that the Chancellor,
On the floor, in a big cushion,
And which they call the woolsack—Where
To sit on money's fatality.
And that you Prime Minister, a
Pitt's or Melbourne's father?
And Brougham, Stanley, all so now
Very much above the board.

Well, baby, papa, what's one?
And then, you see in London!
A "Session boy," and who is he
A Lord, our Saint it was, doubt their gentle,
And that old clock upon Westminster
Looking as in a dell.
Hickory upon his breast, and his
Old hat upon—no matter.

It's very strange, and very true
A regular succession:
I tell him, sometimes to
A whole nation's confidence,
The only ground where now
Of people bent the floor
Is there in South Kent Street for there.
Nobody at the door.

And then we little "gallery,"
Carpeted with red leather
And the "Reporters," written on!
All that down stairs they may
Have their numbers a hundred yet,
And therefore if you speak!
Mocks' you take your hat off, and
Your shoes on, if they creak.

A voice below rings out, "My feet
Belongs from Bengal Lord of Dunsmuir"—
A waiter up the Bishops, and
The Lords, and others vote' yes'
And then the Chancellor gets up,
And wells from, very good:
And then walks back, the "—message" is
A red bag, in his hand.

And then they take the message out
Then they the message read
And then they bow's 2 bills, and which
Repeat we didn't need.
And then there comes "My lords" again,
And then another waiter with
And then another brings it, and
Then another talk.

And then, to hear the kind of Act
They make of a debate,
One half they don't, one doesn't hear,
And to their's another guess!
And then of what you relates, of
The interest, and dispute,
It's very other word "a minute,"
While between is the "Palace."

The Duke of Wellington gets up
Or then you hear your breath
The Tweedmouth's letter's read with
The Whips is still or dumb.
And first of all is dead to hear
Then staggers as he kills it;
And then it's "Lord" he figures, as
From head to hand he shifts it!

And then you hear a sound, between
A mumble and a swindle"—
And then a wind—and then a snap—
Then, slow or fast come Lords
And now you catch a sentence—now
You see 'em not at all!
And if you can keep stone, you'll
Be very apt to laugh.

"Strangers"—"Hush!"—"Clear that gallery!"—
Hollo! what's this about!
"Come you must leave, sir—Council of duty"
And tenants' of an act!
It's personal! dont say a word—
They say that—Strikes was there
Dont talk—we just remember it
A personal affair!

PUNCH.

NORWEGIAN WATCHERS.—The extraordinary cries of the watchmen of Drontheim cannot but appear singular to the stranger. As each hour elapses, they are proposed with a different kind of exhortation or prayer; which, forming a sort of tune or chaunt, is sung by them during the dreary hour of the night. The following is a curious specimen of one of them; it is a literal translation:

> Hr. the Watchman, to-
> The clock has struck, and
> Pressed to God, our Lord:
> Now is the time to think, to
> The housewife and her maid.
> The wanton we will let be.
> The wind is south east.
> Midnight! praised be our Lord, our Lord!

The notary, or watchmen, is armed with an instrument so remarkable as his cry, being nothing less than a long pole, at the end of which is a small wall finished with iron spikes. This formidable weapon is called *morgen stierne*, or morning star does little, however, but grace the hand of the Norwegian watchmen, however is no common in the North, and itself, as well as most other crimes, are comparatively of such rare occurrence, that his office is considered with little trouble or danger.—*Travels in Norway, by A. DeCapell Brooke, M. A.*

HERBERT CRUTE.—The following will do for a tolerable *Hibernicism*. "What you say, Sir?" said a Frenchman to a raw lazy fellow who had just stepped from a newly arrived vessel on the Levee, "I no understand you, Sir?"

"I want to know do ye'r self no luck in this town, and can you tell me where to buy a dinner —on tick, mind ye?"

"Tick?"

"Tin, where do they sell on tick?"

"Sell tick?"

"Be me sowl, sell tick, can ye tell a poor hungry devil where to get a dinner on tick?"

"Ah!" said the polite Frenchman, with a bow, "I no comprehend sell tick," and he walk'd off.

Why, the equipoen of a fellow thinks I'm talking nonsense! He ought to be thrashed, for if he had a wife she would probably lark him out dance after each "grunge on," and compel him to wander about in the streets all night.

CURIOUS ECONOMY.—There never was a more curious than that of Franklin. "Nothing ordinary which you do not want." Yet how perfectly an many people act on the subject of buying cheap things. "I tell me why you have bought that coat of dear price?" asked the husband of one of those notable bargainers. "Dear me," replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to lay up things against time of need; *who knows but you may die, and I may marry a man with the same name as that on the door plate.*"

FAIR TRADE.—A country gentleman, after being joined in the chaise of wedlock, was asked, by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson, to which he replied, "Oh, no, he's owing father for a pack of hounds, and we'll make a hare."

"Jim!"

"Well!"

"I can't find any thing soft enough to sit on."

"Try your head."

WARNING.—The clown, Pendleg, says his sister Peggy has such everlasting fun but that she has to get out of bed to turn over.

CONSOLATION.—Why is a young lady like a careful housewife?—Because her scent is so little as she can make it.

The Truant Husband.

"The painful night may I never know,
That motions watcher o'er a wanton's wayward."
MRS. TOMPSON.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek upon her hand, while her dull ceiling of the French clock that stood on the mantle-piece, one and now and again sliding her drowsy eyes up to the dial to mark the lapse of time. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She came, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays alone illumined the chamber, she descended with noiseless step to a small lonely apartment. The curtains of little bed were drawn aside, and she gazed upon her mother's face. "Poor child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and raven hair present, to be by the side of her pallid mother, to be by the side of that long rose him to mate! "Will he remember his father?" was the thought that passed for a moment through her darkened heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

The hie well known knock—and the dogs of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall as with a sentinel on his beat, the door the front bolts and admitted his thoughtless master. "Four o'clock, Willie, is it not?" and he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, no angry words fell upon his ear, but a low, heavy sigh, and faded cheek—yet these spoke to his heart.

"Julia, I have been a wandering husband."

"But you are come now, Charles, and all is well."

And all was well, for, those that bear, Charley Dearer became an altered man. Had his wife torn him with frowns and sullen taunts, he had but hardened his heart; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand. From this night of life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love; possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto led the gentle companion of his own pleasures, Dearer fell into that common error, of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, his friends with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate; Charles Dearer listened a deaf ear to advice, and persued with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the casino, the opera, the ball his with a military mourner, and midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to Julia the cold and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope, or unwarranting regret. But this night crowned the petient fortitude of the neglected Julia with its fruit; it was, and gave the death blow to folly in the bosom of Dearers. Returning with disgust from the haunts of the hazard table, her emotions and long suffering touched him to the soul; the flood-gates of his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity, stood unmasked before him.

Ten long years passed away in that solitary mid-night, when the young matron beat in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub forms, who are listening are they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody, while a stately form is bending over the music page to hide the tear of happiness and interest, that springs from a contrast's power, to be recompletes the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring husband—whose every thought tramples on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Dearers, and remember, though hymns but chains, scaffolds, or torture—Heroism is not required with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do bar harder, if not wholly estrange the heart—while on the contrary patience and gentleness will subdue the most adverse temper, and the flinty rock will in time wear it into softness) seldom fail to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

Never Lend Out.

Never lend, no matter to whom
An getting familiar with notice,
Treat him to the on a counter,
And he'll seek other quarters to mention

Long pond not wisely could tell for long
At the bridal party, their trial
Portune you'll find in often most kind
When clothes keeper with denial

Let the end day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow,
Or you may none what to-day or the Muse
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

Repartees.

There is no kind of wit which pleases us more than a good, pungent epigram. In this description of humor the English language is very rich. In almost all our public prints we meet with epigrams continually, and they are scattered "thick as autumnal leaves" throughout the humbler walks of letters. Dr. Johnson has written one upon George II. and his poet-laureat, Cibber, which, for grave sarcasm, is almost unexcelled:

> Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
> And Spenser's verse paintings Fame's reign
> Great George's left his laureat Cibber sing,
> For virtue made the poet for the king.

One of the wits of Queen Anne's time thus writes concerning a notorious plagiarist by the name of Moore:

> Moore always resists whatever he writes,
> No reason is found opposing what he writes—
> And yet in this no novelty is shown,
> A modern man how like what's not his own!

Here is another on Chloe:

> In poetry and England if once was a rule
> That king had the best poet who could be best
> But now we're so frugal! I'd have you to know it,
> That Chloe can write both for first and for poet.

Robert Tannahill, a Scotch poet, is the author of a pretty little epigram on woman:

> Nature, impartial in her trials,
> Wisely has made us for mutual blessings,
> To protect thee, to make amends,
> Man was made the mighty longest.

Garrick is the author of a capital epigram on Sir John Hill, a physician and dramatist. We believe that it runs thus:

> For farces and physic
> His equal there none is:
> He's a doctor in one
> And an author in t'other.

Dr. Aldridge's "few reasons for drinking" contain a good deal of humor united with their apt grammatic point, and undoubtedly give the true philosophy of the matter:

> Lewd wine, a friend, or being dry,
> Or any other reason why.

There is a smart epigram made by some wit on the circumstances of a card-playing young lady marrying her gallant:

> Trumps are first called the charming maid,
> Next all the world would gather her
> The declared lover of the game,
> She married John the Gardener.

Byron, we believe, is the author of the following couplet on a certain politician, who committed his speeches to memory:

> C—has a rare gift you can—but I deny it—
> He has a heart—he *gets his speeches by it.*

In "Don Juan" there is a great number of capital epigrams. He now and then, as they say in the reflections of the poet that separation would materially dull their points. We conclude with one from Don Moore:

> I never gave a kiss save *Jane*,
> To naughty man, but I adore it,
> Her softer part is *Jane* alone,
> She'd take one tho' and thank you for it!

The Simpleton.

Oh, tormented time by passion's slave,
Bear calm of the by gone year!
Say what remains of her who gave?
The vain regret—the bitter tear.
The sleeping breeze—the shuddering bower—
The murmuring of the distant fall—
The wish for the unattained moon—oh! now
Why is that light spark step outward?

Where is the maiden? Where?
Then such a maze of no one cause?
A mood to bet on empty sound—
Alas! it is—it must be!
It was—no she was none; no girl
As full of life, as bright and free.
The maiden—the life—look around
Where is she? Where is her mother's grave.

Bright rose! thy beauty brought now
A thousand dreams of rapture gone;
Her purity—her truth—her love—
The wide green earth—the far blue sky,
From her but shadows of glory!

Oh! bitter in their hours of life
Who cannot hope—who may not dare—
I linger in a world of strife,
Whilst thou art in the happy sky!
I envy thee that peace that last.
And last 'tis so, the knee would bow,
That life she made the very heart
Would make all—that then art now!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

This hopeful pupil edified by the above terrible exposition, the barber turned to another subject.

"But if we talk of examples to be shunned," said he, "if we come to keys that should be a warning and a lesson to all their fellows, I am the man, and I hope you won't spare him. This is the leaf, sir; this one with the blue eyes and light hair. This is a swimmer, sir, this fellow —a diver, Lord save us! This is a boy, sir, who had a fancy for plunging into eighteen feet of water with his clothes on, and bringing up a blind man's dog, who was being drowned by the weight of his chain and collar, while his master stood wringing his hands upon the bank, bewailing the loss of the guide and friend. I used to buy two guineas anonymously, sir," added the barber, in his peculiar whisper, "directly I heard of it; but never mention it on any account, for he hasn't the least idea that it came from me."

Having disposed of this culprit, the barber turned to another, and from that to another, and so on through the whole array, laying for their wholesome restriction within due bounds, the severest castigation explosive on which he could lay his hands. Nothing escaped him; he was severe on the meanest as on the greatest, and in his unceasing efforts to make quietly home, without any longer delay, he was fain to have recourse to the last injunction (he informed the schoolmaster in the most audible confidence) he did not think he could have dispatched when he was a boy, had his life depended on it.

Hailing those little tokens of the barber's dissension as so many encouragements to proceed, some rouse from that time, the schoolmaster parted from him with a light heart and joyous spirits, and dreamed many of the pleasures that were in earth. The window of the two old houses were ruddy again with the reflection of the cheerful fire that burnt within; and the barber and his friend, Jacob, were pictured as seen as they returned from their evening walk, spoke softly of the benevolent child, and looked round upon the cheerful room.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

Nell was stirring early on the morning, and having discharged her household tasks, and put everything in order for the poor schoolmaster (though surely against his will, for he would have spared her the pains,) took down, from its nail by the fireside, a little bundle of keys with which the bachelor had formally invested her on the previous day, and went out alone to visit the old church.

The sky was serene and bright, the air was perfumed with the fresh scent of newly-fallen leaves, and grateful in every sense. The neighboring stream sparkled, and rolled onward with a tuneful lapse; the dew glistened on the green tussocks, like tears shed by good spirits over the dead.

Some young children sported among the tombs, and hid from each other with laughing fears. They had an infant with them, and had laid it down asleep upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. It was a new grave—the coating place, perhaps, of some little creature, who, mock and pastime in life, should minister to death and change, and now seemed to their minds scarcely changed.

The dew grew now and naked one of them whose grave it was. The child answered that that was not its name; it was a garden—his brother's. It was greener, he said, than all the other gardens, and the birds visited it more frequently. He had been used to feed them. When he had done speaking, he looked at her with a smile, and kneeling down and nestling for a moment on the sleep against the turf, bounded merrily away.

She passed the church, gazing upward at its old tower, wind through the rectangular, and so into the village. The old sexton leaning on a crutch, was taking the air at his cottage door, and gave her good morrow.

"You are better" said the child, stopping to speak with him.

"Ay, surely," returned the old man. "I'm thankful to say, much better."

"You will be quite well, soon."

"What Heaven's leave, and a little patience. But come in, come in."

The old man limped on before, and warning her of the downward step, sank into a chair himself with an air almost disdainful, let the way into his little cottage.

It is but one room you see. There is another up stairs, but the stair has got harder to climb of late years, and I never use it. I'm thinking of taking to it again next summer though."

The child wondered how a grey-haired man like him—one of his grade too—could talk of spring and summer as if they were things to him, the tools that hung upon the wall, and smiled.

"I warrant now," he said, "that you think all these are useless things."

"Indeed, I wondered that you wanted so many."

"And well you might. I am a gardener. I dig the ground, and plant things that are to live and grow. My works don't all moulder away and rot in the earth. You see that spade in the centre?"

"The very old one—so notched and worn?" she said.

"That's the master's spade, and it's a well-used one, as you see. We're healthy people here, but is but done a power of work. If it could speak now, that spade, it would tell you of many an unexpected job that it and I have done together; but I forget now, for my memory's a poor one. That's nothing new," he added hastily. "It always was."

"There are flowers and shrubs to speak to your other work," said the child.

"Oh yes. And bird trees. But they are not so separated from the sexton's labors as you think."

"No?"

"Not in my mind, and recollection—such as it is," said the old man. "Indeed they often keep it. For my that I planted such a tree for this or that person, I forget the name of him that he died. When I look at its broad shadows, and remember what it was in his time, it keeps me in mind of him, and I see him. Ah! I see him pretty nearly when I smoke this pipe."

"But, it may remind you of one who is still alive," said the child.

"Of twenty that are dead, by connexion with that one who lives, then," rejoined the old man; "with kindness, with hatred, with love, with friendship, even at least. So it happens that the sexton's spade gets worn and battered, I shall need a new one sometimes, that's all."

The child looked quickly toward him, thinking that he jested with his age and infirmity; but the unconscious sexton was quite in earnest.

"Ah!" he said, after a brief silence, "People never learn. They never learn. It's only we who turn up the ground, whose sowing grows and everything about us, that learn of such things as these—who think of them properly, I mean. You have been into the church?"

"I am going there now," the child replied.

"There's an old wall there," said the sexton, "right underneath the belfry: a deep, dark, echoing wall. Forty years ago, you had only to let down the bucket till the first knot in the rope was free of the windlass, and you heard it splashing in the cold, dull water. By little and little the water fell away, so that in ten years after that, a second knot was made, and you must unwind so much more of the windlass before it was cool supply at the end. In ten years' time, the water fell again, and a third knot was made. In ten years more the well dried up; and now, if you lower the bucket till the fourth knot is free, you hear it scarcely all the cord, you'll hear it of a sudden clanking and rattling on the ground below, with a hollow echo, as if it were in the air. Just what I should have expected, sir, from what I've seen, and your heart leaps into your mouth, and you start away as if you were falling in."

"A fanciful picture to dwell on in the dark?" exclaimed the child, who had followed the old man's looks and words until she seemed to stand upon the edge too.

"What is it but a grave?" said the sexton. "What else! And which of our old folks, knowing it to be so, would not rather have his children throw flowers into it, than heavy stones? I would, I know. I'm not one of the kind that's afraid of death, and I'm not afraid of the grave, but I'm afraid of life, and I'm afraid of the stones—stones of wrath and sin, that men throw into the graves of their fellows. I'm afraid of the weeds that spring from such seeds, and of the bitter fruit they bear. I'm afraid of the hard, unfeeling spirit that casts them there. Let me have leaves from a loved child's hand, and flowers from his sister's, and I'll cover them in with a smile, and tend them with a tear, and look upon the spot as one of the prettiest in all my little garden."

"Your words are very old yourself?" asked the child, hesitatingly.

"I shall be eight-five—next summer."

"You still work when you are well?"

"What? To be sure. You shall see my gardens heretofore. Look at the window there. I made, and have kept, that plot of ground so—only with my own hands. By this very token, this year I shall hardly see the sky; the boughs will have grown so thick. I have my winter work at the window."

He opened, as he spoke, a cupboard close to where he sat, and produced some miniature boxes, such as a homely mason may make of old wood.

"Some gentlefolks who are fond of ancient days, and what belongs to them," he said, "like me to have something of mine among their curiosities as were dearest to his heart and were unsentimentally preferable to his own precept and example. Thoroughly persuaded in his own mind, he had made these boxes, and sold by his servety, he dismissed them with a small present, and an addmonition to walk quietly home, without any longer delay. Heremember, as well as if it were but yesterday, the day when the old sexton, with his phiz for next summer, was but a type of all his brethren."

Full of these conditions she rendered the church. It was easy to find the key belonging to the outer door, for each was labelled on a scrap of yellow parchment. In the very centre of the door was a hollow round, and when she entered with a faltering step, the echoes that it raised in closing, might fear down.

Everything in our lives, whether of good or evil, effects us most by contrast. If the peace of the simple village had seemed the still more strangely, because of the dark and troubled ways that lay beyond and through which she had journeyed with such failing feet, what was the deep impression of finding herself alone in that solemn building: where the very light, coming through painted windows, seemed sad and grey: and the air, redolent of earth and mould, seemed laden with decay purified by time of all its grosser stains, and sighed through aisle and over pew, like departed ghosts, like the breath of ages gone! Here was the broken pavement, worn so long ago by pious feet, that Time, standing on the pilgrims' graves, had trodden out their track, and left but dearer behind. It was a new grave—the coating place, perhaps, of some little creature, who, mock and pastime in life, should minister to death and change, and now seemed to their minds scarcely changed.

The dew grew now and naked one of them whose grave it was. The child answered that that was not its name; it was a garden—his brother's. It was greener, he said, than all the other gardens, and the birds visited it more frequently. He had been used to feed them. When he had done speaking, he looked at her with a smile, and kneeling down and nestling for a moment on the sleep against the turf, bounded merrily away.

She passed the church, gazing upward at its old tower, wind through the rectangular, and so into the village. The old sexton leaning on a crutch, was taking the air at his cottage door, and gave her good morrow.

"You are better" said the child, stopping to speak with him.

"Ay, surely," returned the old man. "I'm thankful to say, much better."

"You will be quite well, soon."

"What Heaven's leave, and a little patience. But come in, come in."

The old man limped on before, and warning her of the downward step, sank into a chair himself with an air almost disdainful, let the way into his little cottage.

It is but one room you see. There is another up stairs, but the stair has got harder to climb of late years, and I never use it. I'm thinking of taking to it again next summer though."

The child wondered how a grey-haired man like him—one of his grade too—could talk of spring and summer as if they were things to him, the tools that hung upon the wall, and smiled.

"I warrant now," he said, "that you think all these are useless things."

"Indeed, I wondered that you wanted so many."

"And well you might. I am a gardener. I dig the ground, and plant things that are to live and grow. My works don't all moulder away and rot in the earth. You see that spade in the centre?"

"The very old one—so notched and worn?" she said.

"That's the master's spade, and it's a well-used one, as you see. We're healthy people here, but is but done a power of work. If it could speak now, that spade, it would tell you of many an unexpected job that it and I have done together; but I forget now, for my memory's a poor one. That's nothing new," he added hastily. "It always was."

to rise upward from the green earth: the children's graves, and their grandchildren's down before—the child's playing as beautiful and happy. It was like passing from death to life; it was drawing nearer to Heaven. What will wonder that the child looked round and wept!

The children were gone by the time she reached the church-yard, and locked the door. As she passed the sunken graves, she could trace the lines of the little bed of flowers. Her friend had begun his labors only that day. The noble grew louder, and, looking back, she saw the old man at his work again, and dispersed themselves with merry shouts and play. "It's a good thing," thought the child, "that he can work. It is his health." And then she stopped, to fancy how the noise would sound when the sexton should be dead, and his spade should be still, and he quietly in would seem on the same spot.

Again that day, yes, twice again, she stole back to the old chapel, and in her former seat read and prayed. Again the same noises, and the same train of thought. Even when it had grown dusk, and the shadows of coming night made it more solemn still, she could not bear to leave and rooted to the spot, and had no fear or thought of stirring.

They found her here at last, and took her home. Home! Where was that? They had said they separated for the night; and then as the poor schoolmaster stooped down to kiss her cheek, he felt a tear upon his lips.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

The bachelor, among his various occupations, found in the old church a constant source of interest and amusement. Whether he felt pride in it which own connexion for the wonders of their own little world, he had made its history his study; whether he were attracted by the love of the place, many a winter's night beside the parsonage fire, had found the bachelor still poring over and adding to his large collection of church lore.

As he was not one of those rough spirits who would strip fair Truth of every little shadowy rest, which lends it grace and beauty, and throws it into stronger light, he had no wish to rob the old church of any her—and some of which because her pleasantly enough, serving, like the waters of her well, to add new graces to the flowers they had nourished and kept alive, and to awaken a softened and pervasive rather than languor and indifference—as, while this steer and obstruct them, he loved to see the golden sunbeams fall in broad light on the cold flowers which tradition weaves for her garland-wearing, and which are often freshest in their vigor when the dews of night are falling.

With a light hand upon the dust of centuries, unwilling to demolish any of the airy shrines that had been reared there by the good feeling or affection of the human breast were hiding thereto. Thus, in the case of an ancient coffin of stone, which had been for many generations in contain the bones of a certain baron, who, after ravaging, with evil, and plunder, in foreign lands, came back with a penitent and softened heart to die at home, but which had been falsely shown by interested antiquaries to be no such thing, as the baron in question (as they confessed with a sigh) had died in the Holy Land, north, and cursing with his last breath, the backs he stoutly maintained that the old tale was the true one, and that the baron, repenting him of the evil, had done great charities, and meekly given up the ghost; and that if ever baron went to his resting place at last with a good will, he did so.

Many were the disputes which arose between him and the sexton, who, as he grew older, and more confirmed in his habits, became more and more tenacious of his own opinions, and more jealous of his own rights. Many were the quarrels which the bachelor had with the old man, and many the times he was on the point of leaving him to himself for ever, but they always ended in a hearty shaking of hands, and a renewal of their friendship.

When the bachelor had given her in connexion with almost every tomb and monument some little history of its own, he took her down into the old crypt, now a mere dull vault, and showed her how the pillars and arches of the nave and aisles sprung, and how, amid lumps depending from the roof, and swinging cobwebs cobwing scented odours, were hung old helmets and shields, and tattered pictures, and precious stuffs, and jewels, all dusty and glistening through the low arches, the shades of ages of carved oak, many a time placed there at midnight in old days, when knightly figures knelt and prayed stoned, and told their rosaries of beads. Thence, he took her above ground again, and showed her the tall trees in the walls, small galleries: where the nuns had been wont to glide along—only seen in their dark cloisters to be off—to pass the worst possible. Next arm open, unsheltered plains. But even there, of the vast he tolerably good, and the sultry, he had not particularly had, whether may be reached, as so that in a few years the garden may produce a return for the expense laid out in improvement.

With respect to the situation of market-gardens, those in the vicinity of great towns must have some regard to soil and to local circumstances, then those at a distance need to have, who can choose, perhaps, a fine situation, and a better aspect: such as you find many of the villages of Surrey, lying on sloping banks, by the sides of streams, that water and render them lush pleasant and productive. He who has to pay a high rent should consider well, before putting down and improving a garden, whether the situation be eligible, the distance from town convenient, and such as to enable him to carry his goods to market at a fleeting with his neighbors.—*Amer. Farmer.*

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Rochester Evening Post
BY THE YOUNG VETERANS OF MONTGOMERY
Let him compound of the letters.

No. 1, 17, 18, 3, 1, 10, 19 is a town in New Jersey
No. 2, 5, 6, 8, 12, 15, 7, 16 is a town in Pennsylvania
No. 9, 11, 4, 13, 14 is a river in Europe.
My 7 10, 12, 15, 4, 20, 13, 9 is a county in Virginia.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a river in Africa.
My 1, 15, 17, 16, 18 is a mountain in Turkey in Asia
My 10, 11, 20, 3, 4, 7, 8 is a town in Arabia.
My 20, 17, 12, 22, 1, 14 is a town in Honduras.
My 6, 12, 20, 19, 17, 11, 21 is a town in Spain.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a river in Asia.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a city in China.
My 9, 10, 5, 1, 4, 21, 11 is a lake in Africa
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is an island in the Pacific Ocean
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a lake in Africa
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a range in Asia
My 6, 1, 20, 16, 8, 5 is a town in South America.
My 2, 6, 15, 1, 17, 18 is a city in South America.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a river in North America.
My 2, 14, 6, 20, 10, 21, 9, 5 is a bay in North America.
My 15, 3, 4, 12, 8, is a river in the United States.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a lake in North America.
My 20, 3, 7, 4, 10, 20, 9 is a town in Asia.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 is a town in Greece.
My 6, 4, 5, 10, 1, 18 is a town in Italy.
My whole is the name of a town in Asia. An answer is requested.

Agriculture.

The Chemistry of Gardens.
ON SITUATION AND ASPECT.—CHANGING.

In a great place, the kitchen garden, considered merely as such, should be so situated as to be convenient to the house, and to be seen from the house. It should be sheltered but should by no means be shaded, or be crowded. If well sheltered, it should be open and free on all sides, or at least to the south, east, and west, that the walls may be clothed with fruit trees on both sides. Round these walls should be a slip of ground and an outer border, capable of keeping off cattle. This slip of ground should be at least twenty feet broad, in order to afford a sufficient border for the trees, and a walk; but it may be as much more in breadth as may be necessary to give ground, with that enclosed by walls, for the supply of the family; and it may be shaped on all sides, or on any particular side, for that purpose.

The exposure should be toward the south, and the aspect at some point between south-east and south-west; the ground sloping to those points in any manner. If quite flat, it seldom can be laid sufficiently dry: and if very steep, it is worked under many disadvantages. It may have a fall, however, of 1 in twenty, without being inconvenient; but a fall of a foot in thirty is most desirable, by which the ground is sufficiently elevated, yet not too much so. If there be a rivulet or stream at hand, it can be rendered of great service, by bringing a portion of its water through it, water should be conveyed from the nearest river, lake, or pond; soil water being found in all, will be of little use for garden purposes.

Under other circumstances than the above-mentioned, and even in places of considerable extent, the Kitchen-Garden is often combined with the Shrubbery or Pleasure-Garden, and also planted nearer to the house. There can be no impropriety in this, provided it be kept in good order, and that the walls be screened by shrubbery, from the immediate view of the public rooms. Indeed, it has been found, that there is both comfort and pleasure in having the various gradients of a place combined, and placed at no great distance from the house. In stepping from the parlor to the shrubbery for flowers, and from thence to the orchard, and, lastly, to the culinary garden, there is a gradation both natural and pleasant. With such an arrangement, it cases where the aspect of the ground is unfavorable, and the surface, perhaps, is considerably varied, few faults will found.

Sometimes we find the kitchen-garden placed immediately in front of the house, which we consider the most awkward situation of any; especially if placed near, and as that it cannot be properly screened by some sort of plantation. Generally speaking, the kitchen-garden should be placed in the rear, or in the flank of the house, by which the two may not be broken, and rendered unshapely where it is required to be most complete. The necessary traffic with the garden, if placed in front, is always offensive.

Descending to the consideration of more humble gardens, circumstances are so often arbitrary that we can only suggest what is most eligible, but that cannot be placed either so as to please, or give satisfaction by their products. These are cases where the kitchen-garden is placed almost out of sight, and perhaps *is shaded by buildings*, or by tall trees, from the sun and air; where they are placed in front, and in the most conspicuous part of the premises; where the proprietor of town residence has a small piece of ground at the back of his house, and where the cottager has his little garden. These places can only be rendered productive by extreme attention and unremitting labor, and by the most persevering industry. Manure must be procured, and trenching must be performed, at times when other employments will not interfere with it, and when the weather will not prevent it. Such gardens have been executed, where the proprietor does not himself work in them.

Joseph Thompson, near Hanover, N. H. writes that he has used Dr. Jayne's Expectorant in his family for the last ten years, and has found it a safe and effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, &c.

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